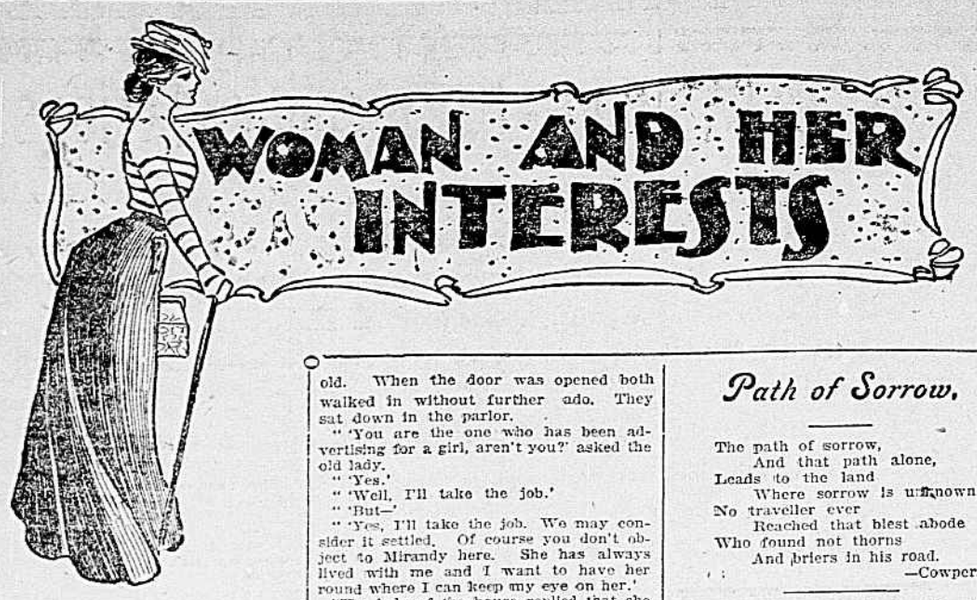

Social Duty.

The door-bell rings,
The portal swings,
My lady comes a-calling.
In velvet dressed,
Her veil close pressed;
The formal talk's appalling.

The style, the day,
The church, the play—
Whatever line she fancies;
Ten minutes pass;
She says, "Alas,
Time flies!" and off she dances.

No real word said
From heart or head,
No thought to live in beauty;
Her list she checks:
What name's the next?
She's doing social duty.

—Lydia A. Coonley-Ward in "Woman's Home Companion."

Vogue of Tiny Patches

Return to Cart Wheels and Stars of Court Plaster.

Beauty spots are again the rule, for the fashionables. Nobody can tell you just how or why it happened that moth patches—those little circles or crescents of black court plaster which are now worn by up-to-date damsels just at the corner of the mouth, or in the middle of the cheek or chin, or on the shoulder—have come into favor again. But that they have come back is very evident. And a specialist in this sort of thing says that the maids who wear these black beauty spots are following one of the latest Parisian fancies.

Moreover, she who thinks that her efforts in this direction are limited by squares or circles or crescents is much mistaken. The Parisians have taken care of that also. At the fountainhead of such fancies it has been decreed that a maid may wear circles in two or three sizes, lozenge-shaped patches, star-shaped patches, heart-shaped patches, patches shaped like the ace of clubs, patches shaped like the ace of spades, flower-shaped patches, or even patches shaped like chubby little Pierrots, or like lean little tragedians.

Of course it would be impossible for the busy maid—the debutante, for instance—to find time to cut out her own patches, even if it would not be extremely difficult for her to get the accurate measurements for the orthodox shapes. To prevent her from experiencing any unnecessary woes some disinterested manufacturer has taken things into his own hands. From the highest court he has learned the exact measurements. He has made use of them in the patches which he manufactures of fine satin-finished court plaster and which are sold in large or small quantities all over the world.

If the American wearer of these beautifiers does not care to ask for them by the ordinary name of "patches" she may use the more aristocratic sounding French name, "mouches." She will also find that the package she buys will be marked "pour bal," but she needn't feel obliged to wait until she goes to a bal poudre to wear them. Any old time will do to practice on.

It's a matter of conjecture among a large class of people whether these patches are to be used as an entering wedge to open the way for a return of the other marks of the age of the "grand monarch." Will the little men begin to wear tall, red heels on their shoes to make them taller, as the "grand monarch" did? Will laces, satins, brocades, for men as well as women, come in fashion again? Will powder wigs be the next step?—Chicago Caronicle.

Made Herself at Home.

"My wife has been advertising for a hired girl." This is the story of the man down the street—big store—leading business man!

"Well, the other day the bell rang. My wife went to the door. There stood an old lady and a girl about sixteen years old. When the door was opened both walked in without further ado. They sat down in the parlor.

"'You are the one who has been advertising for a girl, aren't you?' asked the old lady.

"'Yes.'

"'Well, I'll take the job.'

"'But—'

"'Yes, I'll take the job. We may consider it settled. Of course you don't object to Mirandy here. She has always lived with me and I want to have her round where I can keep my eye on her.'

"The lady of the house replied that she liked large families and of course it would be all right to have Mirandy there, but—

"The old lady broke in, however, and said that she liked the looks of things at the house and therefore she had made up her mind to stay. She seemed so determined about it that my wife commenced to worry.

"'I don't believe you'll like,' said she to the old lady. The work is very hard. That is why I lost the last girl. She had to get up every morning at half past three.'

"'O, I'm used to getting up early,' said the old lady, 'and I like to work.'

"'Our girl,' went on my wife, 'has to shovel off the walks and keep the furnace going. She also tends furnace for two of the neighbors. We also have a great many midnight suppers, and we expect the girl to stay up and get those ready. That gives her only about three hours to sleep. We also take in two washings along with ours. There are some girls, you know, that don't like to work quite so hard. I thought I would tell you all about it, however.'

"'O, that's all right,' said the applicant. 'It's a good idea to understand everything at the outset. But the prospect of work doesn't scare me. Besides I have got Mirandy here to help. She can do the most of the outside work. We'll bring our valise this afternoon.'

"My wife was more worried.

"'I'll have to tell you about my husband,' she went on. 'I don't want you to be scared because you haven't been warned. But he is a very bad man when he is intoxicated. And he drinks a great deal. When he comes home he throws things round terribly and if there's any strangers in the house, such as a hired girl, he starts for them the first sendoff. The only thing for you to do is to follow my example. Have a club—'

"At this juncture the old lady jumped up. 'Come along, Mirandy,' said she. 'I don't think this place suits. I can do as much housework as any woman this side of torfiet, but when it comes to prize-fighting and midnight pitched battles and cavalry charges and them things I'm gettin' too old. Good day, mum, I hope you'll have better luck with the next one.'"—Lewiston (Me.) Journal.

Improper Name.

Johnny (looking over her shoulder)—You've written "devil" with a little "d." That isn't right.

Kitty—Why not?

Johnny—Because all proper names ought to begin with a capital.

Kitty—But "devil" is a very improper name.—Ohio State Journal.

"My husband is very hard to please."
"I don't know. He married you."

Path of Sorrow.

The path of sorrow,
And that path alone,
Leads to the land
Where sorrow is unknown;
No traveller ever
Reached that blest abode
Who found not thorns
And briers in his road.
—Cowper.

Swell London Home Made a Hospital.

Two women of whom all London is saying pleasant things just now are the Misses Agnes and Fannie Keyser, who have turned their beautiful home in Grosvenor Crescent into a hospital for wounded officers returning from South Africa, says the Mail and Express. The whole upper floor of their house has been completely refitted, one large room having several beds in it, while the smaller ones are reserved for serious cases. Every available luxury is lavished on the patients, and the rooms are always decorated with fresh flowers—bright daffodils and lilies of the valley. The Misses Keyser have been inundated with kindly gifts of champagne and other wine, as well as with invalid delicacies, while they are already celebrated on account of their excellent chef.

As soon as the patients are convalescent they are allowed the use of the rooms down-stairs, where they can receive their friends and relations. The Misses Keyser themselves help, if not actually in nursing, in looking after the whole arrangement of the impromptu hospital.

Miss Agnes Keyser has a faculty for getting up delightful little dinner parties, at which the Prince of Wales is often a guest, and she is very fond of relating a conversation which occurred when she was first presented to his lordship. At that time she had never come in contact with royalty, and was rather nervous at the prospect. Not knowing how long her talk with the Prince ought to last, she shyly asked him to tell her when to leave him. The Prince replied: "On the contrary, it is for you to tell me when you are bored!"

In the course of conversation the Prince inquired where she was born. Miss Keyser replied: "At ——; I have lived there all my life." After a short interval, the Prince inquired: "How many years did you say you have lived at ——, Miss Keyser?" As the answer to this involved the statement of her exact age, she dropped the prettiest possible courtesy, and answered: "I am bored, sir!" The Prince laughed, and did not pursue the subject.

What's in a Name?

We telephoned to the intelligence office for a cook. As Annie was the only name given on her card from the office, we inquired her surname.

"Annie," I said, "what is the rest of your name?"

"That is it," was the reply.

"Yes," I continued, "I know your name is Annie, but Annie what?"

"That is it, I tell you, missus," she said with a broad smile.

"You have two names surely," I insisted, "a first name and a second name. Now, what is your second name?"

"Oh, missus," she exclaimed with some impatience, "I tell you that is it."

With rising displeasure, thinking she was trifling, I said very decidedly, "Your name is Annie what?"

"Oh," she cried enthusiastically, "I am so glad you know! I think you will never know. Yes, that is it!"

For a while I sat in silent despair, the girl eying me with a rueful countenance. Finally a happy thought struck me.

"Annie," I asked very mildly, "what is your father's name?"

"Michael," was the doleful reply.

"Michael what?" I almost gasped, feeling that I was suddenly becoming a parrot.

But like the eternal "Nevermore" of Poe's "Raven" came the echo, "That is it!"

A sudden illumination! Perhaps mine is the dull brain.

"What do you put on your father's letters?" I next interrogated.

"That is what I must put or he would not get them," was the sobbing response.

Unwilling to give up after such a trial of patience on both sides, I asked gently, "How do you spell it?"

Slowly came the solution of the enigma—"W-a-c-h-t."—New Lippincott.

A Pertinent Question.

There is one small girl in Washisgton who has a poor opinion of women's conventions and congresses. She is but ten and a decade later may change her mind.

Her mamma was relating an incident of a recent woman's convention. "The chair," she said, "had no remarks to make. Enough had already been said by the floor." Right here little miss broke in with: "Mercy me, mamma! Do the chairs and floor talk, too, down there?"

And the husband and father is laughing yet.—Washington Star.

An Extempore Pianist.

"Can you tell me, profesor, asked Grigsby, "what an 'extempore pianist' is? I see that the performances of such a pianist are advertised."

"Certainly," said the professor; "ex, out of; tempo, time; an extempore pianist is one that plays out of time."—Tit-Bits.

April Rain.

Gray threads are caught within the forest loom
A-slantwise, shuttled by the April breeze:
A fog of buds and rain-unraveled bloom;
Is set adrift between the antlered trees;
And leaf-bud sheathings, closed an hour ago,
The edges of their satin linings show.

The rain-threads break in little golden ends.
And opals, all aquiver in the air,
Hang scintillant, as slipping sunshine sends
A rainbow here, a needle-glimmer there.
An uptossed head of fragrance, dimly white,
The wild plum glistens in the fleecy light.

The wet, rough rocks, with lichen-laces rimmed.
Shine faintly green along the slanted glades;
The curled brown fungus-cups are even-brimmed
With rain, that steals their dusk and orange shades.
And darkles in each hallowed velvet bell
To the dim softness of a fairy's well.

A crab tree's branches sharp with thorny spears.
A-sudden turn to wands of dripping pink.
Shaking from bud tips April's jewel tears,
That start the birdsfoot pansies where they sink;
And subtle balms are trained through every lane,
From woodlands wet and sweet with April rain.

Health of College Girls

Occupation Tending to Diminish Hysterical Tendencies.

The ignorance of the laws of health with which many girls arrive at college almost equals their ignorance of literature. They work out their own salvation in this respect, as in other matters, and sometimes suffer in the process. But as a rule the health of the girls improve in college. They generally gain in weight, the regular life is a benefit, and the freedom accorded to the student allows of an adjustment of hours to the individual which gives less strain than the more iron rules of school. And in spite of the fact that college has a peculiar attraction for girls whose nervous temperament or delicate organization is ill fitted to cope with its conditions, the health even of these girls often compares not unfavorably with that of the maidens similarly organized who go into society or stay inertly at home. Hysterical tendencies are often conquered in college, occupation and responsibility and intelligent comprehension of the effort to be made proving a great help.

The health of the larger organism, college life, needs readjustment from time to time. It also has its nerves, its dfects of circulation, a touch of fever now and then. It needs air and good-sense; fortunately these remedies are not far to seek. When things have gone too far in one direction there is an effort made to strike a balance; they are not left inertly to the effects of reaction. The power of the students to reason as a body is a good testimony to the training of the individuals.—April New Lippincott.

A Truthful Nomenclature.

In this household the true and only Vermont maple syrup has never lost its sweetness, and several times a week from the head of the table paterfamilias pours out judiciously measured quantities of it on the plates of his children. To give me not to let the hole trouble me, as mine perhaps would not be the only one. His promise turned out correct. There were socks of all sizes and many tints, some were of silk, some of wool, many of cotton, and here and there I detected a hole—sometimes at the toe, oftener at the heel—so I took comfort. Misery loves company.

The climax was reached when tea and cakes were brought and placed on the floor in the middle of each room—for there are neither tables nor chairs in swell Japanese houses. I was amused watching several English ladies at this reception "squatting" for the first time. They were not sure of how to begin, or which knee to bend first. Then their costumes were not constructed for those attitudes, and from the first incline until they reached the floor I could hear "crack, crack, crack," and away went a button or a hook, and the faces of the victims as they heard the cracking were comical studies.

When the tea was over—green tea, by the way, without sugar or milk—my friend and I prepared to leave, and we had a hard time finding our boots, which, by some mismanagement on the part of the servants, had got inextricably mixed. I have a dark suspicion that the boots I went away with were not my own, for they were squeezingly tight.—Ledger Monthly.

APRIL SHOWERS.

AN EASTER COIFFURE WITH FEATHER DECORATION.

piquancy to the ceremony, he always explains that this time he is going to give Bob an ostrich and Mazie an antelope, with something far from the nursery books for Teddy. One day the latter small philosopher was seen to regard the various plates for a considerable space of time in silence. "What is it, Edward?" his mother asked.

"Nuffin," replied the hopeful. "I was just finkin' that me an' Bob an' Mazie allus seems to get birds an' snakes an' fings wiv skinny legs, but Pop, he generally gets a el'phant or a hipperpotamus."—New York Commercial Advertiser.

Where the Stove Went.

A fashionable French physician called lately on one of his patients, Baroness de M., who was complaining of headache and general prostration. "I will tell you what is the matter with you, madam," he said promptly; "it is that American stove you have over there. These coal-burning stoves are reservoirs of poison, the deadliest things in the world." But that stove cost me £5!" protested the baroness. "Never mind that; better lose any amount of money than your life. I will tell you what I'll do; I'll give you a guinea for it, and find some way of getting rid of the pernicious object." The lady consented, and the doctor removed the stove. A few days later the patient, who thought of changing her residence, went out to inspect a suite of rooms, and the first thing that met her gaze was the stove. "Who lives here?" she asked of the servant who was showing her over the rooms. "Mme A., madame," said the servant respectfully—"Dr. B.'s mother-in-law!"—Modern Society.

Shoeless Japanese Teas.

Two years ago I had my first experience at a Japanese lady's "at home"—she was the wife of a high official—where all the guests were compelled, according to Japanese etiquette, to leave their boots and shoes outside before entering the saloons. I was surprised to see fully a hundred pairs of footwear in an ante-room. I happened to have on a pair of blazing-red socks, and, to my horror, I discovered a hole, and my great toe gently but persistently disclosed itself. I had dressed in a hurry, and hadn't remarked the rent. The friends with whom I went assured

trousseau. She and her friends passed on, deep in conversation, and I went my way, the scrap of a sentence which I had overheard unwittingly lingering with me and suggesting a long train of thought.

What does the average man know about the needs of a woman in the ordinary course of her life? Why should he, being a husband, dictate as to the number of gowns in his wife's wardrobe, or the bonnets she has to match them? Granting that the man's means are not unequal to satisfying her reasonable requests, why should he interpose an objection in a domain where he is inexperienced and out of his element? Of course, if a man cannot afford the money to buy new gowns for his wife, she, as a sensible grown-up person, with his and her own interests at heart, will not ask for them. If she does, when in his confidence and aware of the need for frugility, she is a vain, selfish and silly creature, unfit for wifely responsibility. The large majority of women, in smaller things at least, are rather economical than extravagant, and do not intentionally waste the substance of their husbands.

To a man's eye, a woman may appear perfectly well-dressed, when every woman who looks at her will inevitably be impressed with the hopelessly dowdy character of her clothes. I do not know that one likes a man the better for his accurate acquaintance with millinery, or dislikes him for his ignorance on the subject. He has his province, woman has hers. The fact is that among the most charming men in the world are those who do not differentiate between a Paquin or a Felix gown and a toilet made by a home seamstress after a model cut from a catalogue.

The little woman bewailing her fate, in that her husband always credited her with possessing quantities of clothing when she was really in the condition of the famous Miss Flora McFlimsey with nothing to wear, stands for a large class of unfortunates. There is for them a way out of their labyrinthine troubles, a straight and clear way, the way of the regular allowance. But they have not always the tact or the nerve which enables them to find out how to take the first step toward their deliverance.—Margaret E. Sangster in Collier's Weekly.

Sisters by Brevet.

Some of our society girls have any amount of wit and humor. Two of the brightest were en route to the afternoon Lenten service this week when they met a man friend. Of course, he had no idea of going any further than the door with them, and as he walked towards the house of prayer he spoke of another man noted for his susceptible disposotion and the number of throw-downs he had gotten from the girls he courted.

"My sister and I," said girl No. 1, "have often laughed over the poor fellow's troubles. I could count on the fingers of both hands the names of the girls who have said 'nit' to him. The Humane Society ought to attend to his case, for it is positive cruelty to animals to lead him on and then give him a frost. Isn't it, sister mine?"

"Sister! She your sister?" exclaimed the man friend. "Why, I never knew Miss A. was any relation of yours."

"Oh, but she is," retorted the girl wickedly, "we both promised to be a sister to your friend, you know, and that explains our relationship."

It did in a way, and they say there are at least eight more sisters.—Louisville Times.

Calve, the Woman.

Calve, the woman, is a topic not a whit less fascinating than her career as a prima donna. Each summer is spent at her chateau at Cavriere, near Aveyron, France. There is a pretty romance connected with this country seat. When, as a girl, she used to walk past this place each day her most darling dream was to some time be rich enough to purchase it. After success came the dream was realized. To-day she spends as much time as possible there in company with her parents and brothers and sisters. To the village folks Calve is an ideal Lady Bountiful. She visits the poor, takes the sick all sorts of tempting delicacies, interests herself in securing positions for the unemployed. The village children fairly worship her. Calve loves children. She will sit for hours on the lawn under the big trees surrounded by a group of admiring children, telling them strange tales of what she has seen and heard in foreign lands, or relating legends of long ago.—Woman's Home Companion.

"Have I not always been generous with you in the matter of household expenses?" he demanded.

"Yes," she replied bitterly. "I asked for a stone and ye gave me bread."

Then he realized that he would have to get her the diamond she desired before there would be peace in the family.—Chicago Post.

Unique Suggestions for an Easter Party

The invitations should be written on a heavy quality of light, old red cartridge-paper, and tied with willow-green rope-silk, and sealed at the place of tying with deep mahogany sealing-wax. Extending from the upper left-hand corner to the lower right-hand corner in fancy lettering should be the words, "Who will sing an Easter carol? O pussy-willow!" At the left side, a little above the center, should extend a row of six or seven cats, done in crayon or water-colors, with their backs showing and long, straggly tails hanging down, every succeeding cat on the right growing smaller. Below this in the open space the invitation should be written. There should be a border of pussy-willow and cat-tails done in oils or water-colors around the invitation. The paper should then be folded over to about the size of a very large postal-card, the silk cord put in place, the wax put on, and the address written on the outside of the invitation. The house decorations should consist of pussy-willow and cat-tails, with lilies banked or in jardinieres. There should also be nests of colored eggs, some downy chickens and rabbits (cotton-flannel ones) in unexpected places. Refreshments may be as for any party.—Woman's Home Companion.

Men Milliners' Matrimonial Chances

"My husband always thinks I have stacks of clothes; he never seems to know that I may need a new gown."

The speaker's tone was plaintive. She was simply garbed, in a style which to a trained eye was eloquent of a cheap dressmaker, and the only really elegant article of her costume, a beautiful wrap of rich material, was of a fashion which had prevailed several years earlier; probably this garment had belonged to her

Her: "Why does your father keep that bulldog?"
She: "Oh! for company, I suppose."
He (anxiously): "His, or—or—yours?"

MISS MORTON IS THE FIRST TO WED OF THE FOUR BEAUTIFUL DAUGHTERS OF FORMER VICE-PRESIDENT LEVI P. MORTON.

THE ENGAGEMENT HAS JUST BEEN ANNOUNCED OF MISS EDITH MORTON, ONE OF THE GREAT HEIRESSES, TO WILLIAM C. EUSTIS, OF LOUISIANA.